

We All Cum Down Here

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Summary:

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Author's Note:

No beta read. Sorry for awful grammar.

He doesn't like it.

He really, really doesn't like it.

"Do we have to?"

Dean looks up at him from the other side of the table. They're sitting in the war room at the bunker, laptops displaying the same newspaper article. Kids were going missing in Derry, Maine. Police were pointing at serial kidnappings and pedophilia but the brothers found strong evidence suggesting an evil spirit or maybe even a demon. Milk run, basically. But what Sam found unsettling was the testimonies of kids in town, claiming to be terrorized by a 'satanic clown'.

"Sam, they're kids!" Of course Dean knew about his brother's issues with clowns but he's a grown ass man for Chuck's sake! He could at least make an effort! Though he has to admit, he kinda wants to laugh his socks off at the prospect of his brother being scared shitless of some dude with makeup on.

"I know but, can't we just call another hunter?" Sam pushed, not giving up. Really, he didn't want to deal with another clown-related hunt. Not since that last time with sheriff Hancum.

Dean sighed rubbing a hand over his face. "Look, i know how scary painted men are-" he struggled to hide his smirk at Sam's bitchface "but we've been stuck in here for weeks with nothing to do. I don't know about you but i'm quite desperate for some fresh air and good asskicking action"

The younger brother sighed, Dean was right. He was desperate to leave the god forsaken place, but really? Demonic clowns? He'd much rather sit another week stewing in his own desperation thank you

very much.

Dean smirked. “Good! We leave in ten” He stood up from the table, nearly knocking over their coffee cups.

And so, since it was more than a day’s drive they decided to stay in a motel room somewhere in Ohio for the night.

That’s when it all started.

They opened the motel room’s door and Dean was quick to call for the single right next to the door, leaving Sam to drop his duffle bag on the one by the window. The warm August wind seeped through the open window, making both men shed a couple layers of clothing.

“Wanna grab some dinner from the diner across the street?” asked Dean. Sam had been awfully quiet during most of the drive. Dean knew his brother was dreading the encounter with the red nosed, painted monster, and so he put on a cheerful attitude to try and lift up his spirits as the good big brother he is.

“Sure” Sam shrugged. He wasn’t hungry, at all, but he could tell Dean was trying. He contemplated putting his layers back on but the weather didn’t call for it. He made his way behind Dean to the diner. There was nothing special about it, really. Neon lights covered the outside, and the warm smell of greasy food that drowned the inside helped him relax. It couldn’t be so bad, he was going to save some kids damn it.

A red haired lady in her mid 50s approached their table as soon as they sat down. *Good. No shady flirting for Dean tonight.*

“I’ll have a bacon burger, go heavy on the onions” Of course Dean ordered the greasiest thing on the menu.

“And you, honey?” the lady asked Sam.

“Just some water for me, thanks” He said with an apologetic smile.

“Let me know if you change your mind” said the lady, Mindy, as her name tag suggested.

“Sammy, really?” asked Dean once Mindy left to the diner’s kitchen.

Sam sighed. “Yes Dean, really. I’m not hungry, i just need this to be over”.

“Dude you’re gonna need your strength though. I’d rather have a well fed moose watching my back for scary clowns” Dean insisted, but still had to look down to try and hide the smirk that was making it’s way to his face.

“Whatever” Dean did have a point. He didn’t want to fight clowns with an empty stomach.

When Mindy came back with Dean’s burger he ordered a salad. He ignored Dean’s face as he soon after dugged in on his ‘rabbit food’. They ate in a comfortable silence, Dean stealing worried glances at his little brother. It was just a normal case, or as normal as they could get, so why was he suddenly on edge?

“Be right back” murmured Sam as he dropped his fork in the empty salad plate and stood up from their table, headed to the bathroom.

Dean stared at the empty seat in front of him. Really, what the hell?

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Sam walked into the dimly lit bathroom. It was small, borderline claustrophobic, but you couldn’t ask for more from a diner. He finished his business in the stall and walked towards the tiny ceramic sink with a cracked, dirty mirror on top, lit by a single dangling light bulb.

He sighed as he opened the tap, letting the cold water drip out of the faucet. He washed his hands, looking at himself in the mirror.

*Come on Sam* he thought to himself. *You’re a grown man, no need to fear. It’s just another job, damn it!*

He looked down and splashed cold water on his face, rubbing it with his hands. He looked back up and jumped. The figure staring back at him from the filthy mirror wasn’t him. No, it was-

“J- jess?” he stuttered, staring wide-eyed at the blonde. She smiled sweetly at him, not breaking eye contact. Sam blinked hard a couple times and the figure vanished.

“What the...” he drifted off, now staring at his own wide, curious eyes. It had been a very long time since he last thought he saw his deceased girlfriend. He blinked a couple times more before splashing more cold water to his face.

*It must be all the stress combined with the long trip. Yeah that's the only logical explanation* he tried to convince himself.

Finally he walked out of the bathroom, feeling even worse than when he went in.

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“Finally! I was starting to think you got stuck or someth- woa what happened to you?” Dean asked as his sasquatch of a brother made his way towards their table looking pale and confused. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost”

Sam shook his head “It’s nothing, i’m just tired”.

Dean just stared at him. It was obvious something was up with his brother but he decided not to comment. They left a handful of dollars at the table and crossed the street back to their motel room.

Sam quickly made a beeline to the bathroom. Dean frowned, something was definitely up with his geeky brother. He sighed and reached for his duffel bag, fishing out a pair of sweatpants and an old t-shirt to sleep in. It was way too hot for clothes but life as a hunter forced him to always be prepared. As much as he despised the feeling of the soft cotton shirt clinging to his sweaty back, he couldn’t fathom the idea of fighting anything in his birthday suit. Plus, Sam would sure bitch about it. Whatever.

He quickly got changed and collapsed on his bed, falling asleep on top of the covers.

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Sam splashed his face with cold water for the fifth time that night. Still, he couldn’t shake off the odd feeling. He was being watched. But by what?

He stared at the mirror above the sink. He stared and stared for what seemed like hours but nothing happened. No warm blue eyes staring back at him with the love and kindness he craves more than anything.

Finally he sighed, giving up. It must've really been his imagination. He walked out of the bathroom to find his older brother fast asleep. He dug through his own duffle bag and took out an old pair of sweatpants and, wait for it...

An old cotton t-shirt. Go figure.

He didn't even bother to acknowledge the heat as he climbed on his bed. His giant moose feet dangled at the end of it and he silently cursed his parents for making him so freakishly tall.

Soon sleep overcame him.

He was having a nice dream. It was a sunny spring day. The air smelled fresh, flowers littered the ground and warm sunlight fell on Jessica's golden locks.

"Oh Sam i missed you so much" she said, holding a glass of red wine.

"I missed you too" said Sam, smiling warmly at her. She smiled back, but soon Sam's smile changed into a frown "I'm so sorry"

"It wasn't your fault" Jessica reached over to put a soft, reassuring hand around the back of his neck.

"Yes, it was" he looked down. His hands were clasped tight on his lap. After all these years he still didn't feel like he deserved her company, dream or not. But he couldn't bring himself to walk away.

"Hey" she gently laid a finger under his chin, forcing him to look back up. "You didn't know. I forgive you" And then he couldn't hold back anymore. Suddenly his lips collided with hers and it was like kissing her for the first time. He felt his heart fill with warmth and happiness all over again, a sensation to which he became addicted all those years ago.

Suddenly he was being pinned against the soft grass, Jess' soft lips

still firmly pressed against Sam's. Her hands roamed all over his chest until they started working on the buttons of his flannel.

"Wait" Sam reluctantly pulled away. "Someone'll see us".

Jessica smiled, wildly ripping off Sam's shirt. "No, they won't" then she winked, and moved up to remove her own shirt. Sam just stared at her, excitement bubbling up in his chest.

It was just like the old times. The warm feel of their skin pressed together, her soft pants against his, and those glorious moans mixing up in a cloud of pure want and need. Because he needed her, now more than ever, to feel loved and wanted again.

"You brought condoms?" he asked. Because really, even in dreamworld, protection is important kids.

"We don't need those" Jess assured. Sam frowned, she never denied the use of protection, even when she started taking birth control pills. He looked up at her and gasped when he saw the gold glow in her eyes.

"Jess?"

The air around them suddenly grew colder as her smile widened, displaying three rows of sharp yellow teeth. *Well fuck.*

"What are you?" he asked, keeping his voice firm.

"Oh Sammy, sweetie, don't worry. You will get some." her voice sounded different, raspier, and her now golden eyes grew a red ring around them. This thing wasn't human, for sure, and Sam was having a hard time trying to figure out what *it* could be.

*It* reached a cold hand down and wrapped it around his now half hard member in a firm grasp. Sam's breath hitched at the unexpected touch. Somehow, he was able to keep calm. Hell, he wasn't even struggling against the creature. Whilst it's true he hasn't got any sort of action in a long time, no one in their right mind would be willing to have dream sex with what they thought was their ex partner who suddenly transformed into nightmare material.



He stood still as the thing guided his member to *it's* hole and sunk down. Sam gasped, *it was cold*.

“Oh Sammy, you’re a special one” *it* growled as *it* started moving. Sam moaned softly but kept still. It was as if an invisible force was keeping him still, though he didn’t feel forced to anything.

He didn’t know how long it lasted, but suddenly he was overwhelmed by a wave of pleasure as he came, shooting his seed inside *it*. *It* got up and Sam slowly sat on the somehow still warm grass. He watched as the thing stood up and slowly walked away. When it was just a few feet away, *it* turned back to Sam.

“Come with me” *It* said softly. “We all cum down here”. *It* reached a hand forward offering it to Sam. That’s when he noticed *it's true form*. The messy orange hair, white skin and those orange-red eyes. *It* was a clown.

Strangely, Sam wasn’t scared. No, he was curious. Something tugged at his mind, telling him he should be scared, but most of him wanted to follow *it* and find out what *it's* words meant.

But just as he was about to reach his hand towards *it*, a sudden pain on his cheek woke him up.

“Fucking finally!” a sleepy-looking Dean came to view. “You were making all sorts of happy noises and it was getting too disturbing. Now go take a cold shower and let me fucking sleep” he angrily shoved a pillow at Sam and threw himself back in his bed.

Sam blinked a couple times, but did as he was told. The whole time he couldn’t get the clown’s face out of his head, and the raspy words echoed in his mind like a mantra.

**“We all cum down here”**

Down where? Who else is there? More clowns?

Sam found himself eager to find out.

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Five hours later they were back on the road.

“You really need to get laid dude” Dean said, breaking the silence in between songs in his Led Zeppelin cassette tape.

“Whatever” Sam pretended to be annoyed. His head was still drowning with thoughts when they got to Derry.

They checked into another motel and quickly changed into their fed suits. They were at the police station questioning the local sheriff when Sam saw it. A red balloon. He looked around the office but no one else seemed to notice it. It started to move towards the front door and suddenly it was out on the street.

“Umm excuse me” he murmured as he followed after the red balloon.

Dean threw a questioning look at his little brother but he just walked away, a confused frown on his face. Something was definitely up with him.

“Is your partner ok?” the young sheriff asked. He was a ginger, 5’6, no more than 30 years old. He claimed the kidnappers would sooner or later return the kids and there was no real reason for the feds to stay. Seriously, how did he landed the job?

“Yeah he’s been through some stuff. I should follow after him” Dean said, not trusting his brother to be on his own in this state. “Thank you for your time” he throws the sheriff a kind smile before leaving the building close behind his brother. He didn’t bother letting him know he was following him, knowing that the moose wouldn’t tell him what was going on and maybe he could find something out by following him.

Sam tried to blink as little as possible, afraid that the balloon would disappear. But no matter how many times his eyelids shot closed for milliseconds, the blood red balloon was still there, guiding him. Somehow, he knew where it would take him. He was going down with *it*.

They walked for a while, block after block, Sam followed in a trance-like state. Dean walked a couple steps away, keeping close to his

brother who was beginning to worry him. And just when he was about to give up and stop Sam, he came to a halt. They were in front of an old house. A rusty sign read *Private property. Do not trespass.* Sam of course ignored this and walked through the wildly unkept grass towards the wooden door.

“Sam what the fuck are you doing?” Dean asked, fed up with the whole mystery. His brother was about to barge into an abandoned house that screamed **vengeful spirits inside** with no salt gun or even holy water on him. *What the hell is he thinking?*

“I’m going down with *it*. They all cum down there” Sam said in a calm voice, following the balloon inside the house.

Shit Dean thought. *This is very, very bad.* He took his trusty gun, thankfully it was loaded with silver bullets so at least he could slow down said spirits. He sighed and barged in after his brother.

The house was just as fucked inside as the outside suggested. Old furniture covered in old rags took over what once must’ve been a living room, a tree grew across the dining room and bits of broken wood littered the floors. Dean looked around, gun ready in his steady hands.

“Sam?” he called out.

Sam was walking up towards the living room, not bothering to check his surroundings. He just followed the balloon, eager to see what the clown was talking about.

“Damn it, Sam” Dean sighed and kept following his brother.

Finally they reached the well. The balloon floated on top of it and finally, it popped, spilling blood everywhere. Sam didn’t even flinch. He stopped by the door, staring patiently at the well.

“Sam what the fuck! Why are we here?” Dean asked, exasperated. Jeez what was his brother on? Bringing them to some old well house.

He was about to turn around and drag his stupid brother out when he heard it. Faint carnival music playing in the background.

“The fuck is that?! Sam!” Dean insisted. Sam just smiled softly. *It was*

right there.

Dean turned back to the well and let out a surprised gasp when he saw two gloved hands wave from inside the well. He quickly took his gun out and aimed at them.

“Well hello there Sammy! Ah i see you brought a little snack with you” *It* giggled maniacally.

“Who are you?” Dean asked, keeping a finger close to the trigger.

“Oh Deanie weenie we don’t accept guns down here!” *It* slowly started to make it’s way out of the well. Dean gasped in horror. The worst thing was *it’s* smile. Dean didn’t hesitate on emptying his gun on him. But it didn’t do much. The clown laughed.

“Come one, let’s go have some fun!”

Dean barely had time to reload his gun before everything went pitch black.

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By the time consciousness reached Dean it was too late.

Sam was lying on the cold, wet ground. Naked. And that *thing* was on top of him.

He quickly made his way towards them, ready to rip *it* to shreds but soon his steps came to a halt. Sam wasn’t fighting back. No, he looked like he was *enjoying* himself. And that’s when it finally clicked. *It* was fucking his brother. And he *liked it*. Dean shivered internally. He had to stop this.

He looked around and finally found an old copper tube. This’ll have to do.

“Yeah Sammy come on! Give me your cum” *It* laughed as Sam moaned. Yeah, Dean was going to need all the shrinks.

“Hey bozo” Dean stood behind *It*. “Get away from my brother!” He gathered all his strength, and swunged at the thing’s head.

Of course that didn't work. The thing stopped moving, earning a whine from Sam. It turned its head 180° and hissed at Dean, showing off its five rows of sharp, yellow teeth.

Dean froze. "Wait. for. your. turn." *It* growled. *Oh hell no* Dean thought. *Time to piñata this bitch.*

He held on tight to the metal tube and hit the thing hard multiple times, each hit leaving a dent on the thing's head. *It* finally got off of Sam, twitching all over. *Oh Chuck this is bad.*

"I said wait for your turn!" *It* started laughing, and suddenly the whole room was shaking. He felt arms wrap around him. He struggled against them, but they just tightened around his frame, starting to obstruct the blood flow.

"W-what are you?" Dean insisted.

*It* whispered in his ear "My name is Pennywise, The Dancing Clown!"

"P-Pennywise. Why are you doing this?" Dean couldn't help but ask. "Why take all those kids? And us?"

Pennywise giggled. "Because it's fun!" Then he felt the arms slowly turn him around, making him face the clown. "And because I'm *hungry*" Then a cold, wet tongue *thing* licked across his face. Dean shivered in disgust.

"Kids, they're so delicious!" the clown kept talking "So innocent, and easy to scare! Mmmm the taste of their fear is exquisite! Just enough to keep me well fed for years"

Pennywise was ready to give Cass a run for his money, never breaking eye contact with the human in his arms.

"And you" Dean felt a gloved hand caress his face "You two are just what i've been missing" Pennywise shifted its gaze towards Sam, who laid still on the ground. "You see, i love my floating kids. Little snacks ready for the harvest" *it* giggled. "But after a while it just gets lonely, and my hungers, well, they grow. Change, if you will. Not only do i crave fear, i also crave pleasure. And your little brother right there, he's perfect for both!"

Pennywise started to walk back towards Sam, his hold on Dean still tight, making it impossible for him to struggle his way out.

“What do you mean? Why is my brother so special to you?” Dean choked out.

Pennywise stopped. “Well, his fear of clowns just fits perfectly with me. As you can tell from my name, i’m not just a clown, i’m a dancing clown! Two in one, great deal if you ask me” *It* laughed “And well, he’s so touch starved, so easy to wrap around my little finger” *It* wiggled his pointer finger around “Disguised as his dead girlfriend and it was done! Soon enough i was spinning on that big dick of his” Dean gagged.

“Oh don’t be like that! You too will love my clowny hole!” Pennywise assured Dean.

“What did you do to him?!” Dean asked desperately, refusing to believe his little brother was so gullible. Pennywise just laughed and kept walking towards Sam. When *it* reached him, *it* kept a freakishly strong arm wrapped around Dean as he straddled Sam.

“Sammy please” Dean pleaded, traumatized for life as he closed his eyes tight so he wouldn’t have to see what he was sure would happen next. “Please stop this”

Pennywise just giggled as he sunk down Sam’s member.

“Sam! Come on brother! You can fight this!” Dean shouted, pleading Sam. He knew he was the only one who could stop this. If he broke the connection they could easily finish the son of a bitch.”SAM!”

And then a sudden wave of electricity filled the air and a crackling sound broke the deafening silence after Dean’s scream.

“Dean? WHAT THE FUCK!” it all happened in slow motion. Sam shoved the dazed clown off of him, reaching down to his jeans that still rested around his ankles, putting them back on. Dean felt the arm lose strength and in a swift move he was out of grasp. He ran towards Sam, making sure he was back.

“Sam! Come on! Let’s kill this fucker” He helped Sam up and quickly

looked around for weapons. On the convenient pile of stuff they found a baseball bat and another metal tube. How fun.

The both made their way to the clown, who was on the ground, shaking. Dean didn't hesitate on landing a hard swing against it's back. Sam followed close behind, hitting *it in the head. They kept hitting until Dean's tube was dented and Sam's bat broke, leaving him with just a handle with a sharp wooden end.*

*"Sam, please! You don't want to do this! You want to stay with me and cum forever!" Pennywise pleads. Sam hesitated but finally pushed the sharp end of the bat through it's skull.*

*"No" he growled, watching as the thing wiggled around on the ground before crumbling into a pile of ash.*

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They were back at the motel room, packing their things. None of them had uttered a single word since they killed Pennywise.

Finally, Dean couldn't handle the awkward silence anymore. "Sam, i'm more than ok with us not talking about this, ever" he said as he zipped up his duffle bag "But if you need to talk, i'm right here brother"

Sam raised an eyebrow at this. He began to question if Pennywise was disguising as his brother but then he saw Dean's face. He knew that what they went through was more traumatic than usual and it would take a long time for things to go back to their strange normal, but he was going to be with him every step of the way.

"Thanks" and with that they both left the motel and climbed into the Impala.

It could've been worse Sam thought, staring at the long stretch of road ahead of them. At least i didn't get clowny dick inside me.

The end